

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBUS DEUM  
OMNIA COOPERANTUR  
IN BONUM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD  
ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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AT THE CHRISTMAS CRIB IN CHEFOO, CHINA.

(Photo sent by Bishop Wittner.)

## THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll::OSSINING P.O.  
NEW YORK

Issued every month

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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*This paper is designed to make known the new American Seminary for Foreign Missions and the cause for which it stands—the conversion of heathen peoples to Christ.*

*It is published at Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York, by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*

A holy Christmas, full of quiet joy and of deep thankfulness for the Gift of God, Jesus the Christ, —this is our wish for all our readers.

THE world is at war as Christmas approaches, but the cooing of the Babe of Bethlehem will be heard above the din of battle.

"Awful," "inexplicable," "inconceivable," are the comments made daily as the reports, more or less true, reach us from Europe, but let us not forget that war, horrible as it is, may yet purify the nations.

Luxury has been running riot, the ingenuity of man has been taxed to the utmost to provide physical comforts, and unrestrained gratification of the senses has enervated individuals and nations. Sins against the natural law, hidden crimes, far more numerous than the brutal killings

now decimating Europe and far more deadening in their effects on society, have been charged, to a greater or less extent, against all the nations now in conflict. The gospel of respectability—outward righteousness—has been supplanting the love of God that is born of simple faith, and self, throwing off the mask, has entered into a struggle for supremacy, unmindful of the slaughter of innocents.

But now, while the nations rage, the people have become serious. Those who were merrily dancing away their lives a few short months ago, are thinking hard, whether they be in the range of shot and shell or undisturbed in their homes.

The world is not so impregnable as its followers thought it; the prophets of enlightenment are not infallible; the foundations of society, built on the cultivation of fine arts and natural virtues, evidently need some higher conserving force. Men are thinking these truths out for themselves to-day in Europe. The God of the Universe is being recognized and the follies of war are making straight the path for the Prince of Peace.

But what of ourselves—Americans—citizens of a great republic, the most fortunate to-day among the nations? Are we learning our lesson from Europe's misery? Perhaps we deserve as much as her suffering people are getting and it is only the mercy of God that is saving us.

Let restraint be our watchword and let us approach the Christmas-tide, thankful for many blessings and with a prayer that the cry of the Babe of Bethlehem may find a sympathetic response in our hearts and in the heart of our country.

*He that shall rise up to rule the Gentiles, in Him the Gentiles shall hope.*

*Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing; that you may abound in hope, and in the power of the Holy Ghost.—Rom. xv. 12-13.*

SUBSCRIBERS are the backbone of our work at Maryknoll and the backbone can always stand a little stiffening. THE FIELD AFAR has no corps of agents. In fact, it must be, for the present at least, its own and only agent.

A Paper Company sent us an advertisement lately, entitled—

### *How We Lost a Customer.*

After turning a couple of pages, we read the answer, enclosed in a deep, black border,

### *He Died.*

We might say the same of FIELD AFAR subscribers, with quite as much truth as the Paper Company, whose veracity we are not disposed to question too closely.

We do lose some subscribers, however, and we need not only to replace them but to add many more to our list. We are most anxious to reach the friends of our readers and shall be thankful for the names and addresses of such. But our readers should allow us to refer to themselves as the source of our information. This establishes our identity, as well as our worthiness, and goes far towards securing that attention which, if directed to THE FIELD AFAR, almost invariably wins for it a friend.

\* \*

A GOOD letter came to us recently from a Brooklyn physician, who, sending a check for five dollars, wrote of THE FIELD AFAR:

It certainly is worth the enclosed to me, in making me wonder what faith one must have, to take up such a life-work, with so many allurements at home.

The writer of these lines 'wonders,' but he is edified, and every source of edification is a strength to the Church in the United States, as elsewhere.

The foreign mission idea will prove a powerful influence in the Catholic Church of America if it can be spread, but it will develop only in proportion as Catholics take a higher plane in their survey of the Church of Jesus Christ.

**M**ILL HILL missionaries are making an 'attack' on this country, but where else can they go? Fr. Coyle, representing Uganda, has practically settled down here, while Bishop Biermans, also of Uganda, Fr. Hopfgartner, a Tyrolese from Borneo, and Monsignor Merkes, V.G., of Madras, India, are following to some extent in his footsteps.

So far as we are concerned, they are all welcome, and so long as we have a potato in the bin, we will not grudge them at least an eye out of it.

They are all worthy and all needy (which goes without saying), and each act of kindness shown to them by our priests or people will react favorably upon the life of the Church in this country and will add strength to every mission force, including our own young Seminary.

The path of these apostolic men is not an easy one. Their sacrifice, great as it is, is hardly realized by most of those whom they approach for aid. Their disappointments are many and their gatherings not by any means remarkably large. Fortunately they count even rebuffs as sources of strength for their work and they are firm believers in the simple rule that reads: *Do your best and leave results to God.*

\* \*

**B**ETWEEN San Francisco and New York, the Chinese in this country are beginning to receive from Catholics the attention due them as children of God and heirs of Heaven.

The Archdiocese of New York has a priest, Fr. William Jordan, assigned to the Chinese residents of the Metropolis, and in San Francisco Fr. Bradley, C.S.P., has advanced far enough to publish a booklet for the instruction of the already considerable number of Chinese people under his care.



*A Child is born to us and a Son is given to us, and the government is upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace.—Isa. IX. 6.*

The title of this booklet is  
**CHRISTIANITY AS TAUGHT BY JESUS**

*A Necessary Help to a Deseerving People in their Efforts to Advance.*

Only a few months ago we noted in these columns the appearance of an English-Chinese Catechism published by Fathers Callaghan and Montanar, of Montreal. These two books are, so far as we know, the only ones of their kind. We have a praiseworthy collection of French-Chinese works, most of them printed in Hongkong by the Paris Seminary Press, but no Catholic books in English-Chinese, other than the two just mentioned. This is a beginning. God prosper the movement!

\* \*

**The Difference.**

**T**WO letters came to our desk the other day. One contained a returned *Din Dun*, an expiration slip. On the margin was written: "I never subscribed and I don't see why you should send me this,"—a bill for fifty cents. It was dated from a fashionable resort and

signed by one of the wealthy Catholic women of this country. Evidently some poor friend of ours had sent the first subscription, in the hope that it would bring to us a *rich benefactor*, such as misguided Catholic missionaries are always looking for—in vain.

The second letter was from a nun in charge of orphan boys in Brooklyn, N. Y. It contained a post-office money order for \$22.40—the accumulation of mites which the boys had probably received from visiting friends and which, large as such gifts seemed to them, they had, in their zeal for souls, sacrificed for the Cause of Foreign Missions.

\* \*

**Appreciations.**

A convert writes:

It is a pity that *THE FIELD AFAR* cannot find its way into every Catholic home, for it is certainly the most *alive* of all our periodicals. Wherever it goes, it must arouse spirit and enthusiasm.

From a Perpetual Associate in Brooklyn comes this tribute to *THE FIELD AFAR*:

I begin to read it with great pleasure, but get disappointed when I come to page 16, for, like *Oliver Twist*, "I want some more."

It takes a man from Burma to say the nice things. Listen!

When I have once laid my hands on the treasure, not even a Burmese funeral, with its accompaniment of drums and cymbals, can distract me. From the first page to the last, I devour it all. What a tonic it is! It leaves one cheered and strengthened, seeing the troubles of life through rose-colored glasses and forgetting his own cares, be they great or small.

Here is another good friend who has a word to say about it:

I have just finished reading the last number of *THE FIELD AFAR*,—every word of it. An Irishman, describing some one to me once, said he "had a way wid him" for getting favors, and certainly your paper has a "way wid it" that makes one's heart ache, for not being able to give at least some of the things you want. When your prayers get the Jersey City lady's house sold or rented, if you have a spare moment and ask the Lord to send me a position, I will gladly share the salary with your work.

## Noted in Passing.

**S**IXTY-ONE boys are registered this year at Mill Hill's Apostolic School in Freshfield, England. This is a high-water mark and promises well for the increased supply of English-speaking missionaries, so much needed to-day.

Bishop Biermans is pushing along on his American quest. We wish him much success, because his mission needs the money and deserves it.

To this country many a poor missionary will come in the next few years. And should not we fortunate ones be ready to welcome all and to help each as far as we can? Gratitude to God demands this of us.

Our fresh supply of Blessed Theophane Vénard statues will provide welcome gifts for some of the more favored among the young martyr's clients. These statues stand about two feet high and are finished in either bronze or old ivory. The price is three dollars, carriage extra. It is not too late to order for Christmas and we suggest this gift as a very acceptable one for priests or Sisters, as well as for the interested Catholic laity.

Archbishop Keane, when at the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions some years ago, was told:

If we had three buildings like that, to-morrow they would be filled. Here is a letter from China, "Mother, good-bye! I write and will trust my letter to a guard who is a Christian in disguise. Remember the day of my departure. I went; I came; I planted the Cross. To-morrow I die. I shall water the Cross with my blood. Leave the mourning dress you put on at my father's death, for to-morrow your child is to be born again. Rejoice! Good-bye!"

If a letter like this was read from the pulpit, would vocations be wanting?

The Tabernacle Society of Cincinnati, from whose bounty we have several times benefited, has published a 1913-14 report which is attractive in form and edifying in substance. We notice that besides distributing many vestments, this Society secured and provided for poor missions:

8 Ostensoria;  
50 Chalice;,  
19 Ciboria.

Jewelry—old gold and silver—donated to the Society, yielded \$142.

The treasurer's report of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Protestant) shows that the Board spent about \$1,000,000, in the year ending August 31, for the support of missions and education in foreign lands. This is an increase of \$25,000 over the previous year. The Board has 615 missionaries in the field. It has a large force of native teachers and helpers; in all, a working force of 5,600. They are mostly in China, Japan, India, Turkey and Africa.



BISHOP BIERMANS AT MARYKNOLL.

THOUGHTS FROM  
MODERN MARTYRS

A book for occasional spiritual reading

Interesting, edifying and stimulating

In cloth. 30 cents; postage 5 cents

In leather. 60 cents; postage 5 cents

The Paris Society for Foreign Missions has lately made a special appeal for Auxiliary Brothers, whom it calls *Co-adjutor Missioners*. Of their work, as planned, it says:

The duties of Co-adjutor Missioners, although secondary, are very helpful in the success of missions and offer a very great attraction to zealous and generous young men who may be inspired to undertake them. The care of sacristies and chapels, nursing the sick, instructing catechumens, helping missionary priests in their daily life—these are offices worthy of the consideration of souls who are burning with the love of God and with the desire to procure His glory by the conversion of infidels.

The Foreign Mission Seminary appeals, therefore, to young men who, without being priests, desire to consecrate themselves to the work of the Apostolate and who will welcome with joy every opening for their zeal.

We have arranged with the Washbourne Co., of England, for the distribution of a very striking picture in colors,—that of

ST. PAUL MICHU, S.J.,

one of the early Japanese martyrs.

Fr. Michu was a priest of great learning and distinguished birth, who converted many of his fellow-countrymen to the true faith. At the outbreak of persecution, he and several companions were arrested, and after the ears of all had been mutilated, they were obliged to undergo a hard and ignominious imprisonment. Later they were dragged from city to city, in order to excite the fear or contempt of the people. All these sufferings they bore so heroically that many pagans were converted by their example to the faith of Christ.

Finally, on a hill outside Nagasaki, they were crucified. Fr. Paul Michu preached to the crowd surrounding his cross and gave thanks that he should die by the



same death and at the same age as his Redeemer. At last, transfigured by two lances, he expired, February 5th, 1597.

[These beautiful prints will sell for twenty-five cents each, postage prepaid.]

A recent letter from Fr. Henry, Superior-General of the English Foreign Missions, brings us some news of the war as it affects the work of European missionary societies:

This fearful war is upsetting us a great deal, but we are not suffering anything in comparison with the colleges at Scheutfeld (Belgium) or Steyl (Holland), where, I am told, the work has been brought entirely to a standstill. Nor have we had to call home any of our priests to take their place in the fighting ranks, as has been the case with the White Fathers and the Fathers of the Paris Seminary.

God grant that the war may soon be brought to a close! But I fear that the end is not yet and that we must all suffer a great deal more before it comes. There is a strong feeling in England that we shall have to see the thing through.

Poor, little, brave Belgium—how she has suffered! Well, we pray that God will see her righted some day. England is crowded with Belgian refugees.

A priest who belongs to a large religious order in the Middle West writes:

Maryknoll and its success are very dear to my heart. Genuine Catholicism always manifests itself in vocations to the foreign missions. The deeper, the better the faith, the more numerous should be the vocations. As a touchstone, then, of genuine Catholicism, as an incentive and an inspiration to self-sacrifice and the love of God, Maryknoll deserves the enthusiastic support of every Catholic in the United States.

The word Maryknoll rises to my lips during the Sacrifice of the Mass almost as regularly as that of Bengal, the mission entrusted to my congregation. I promise you now to pronounce it daily. God be praised that in the Church's far-flung battle-line a corps of American priests, with hearts aflame with the love of God and zeal for souls, will ere long be doing its share to spread the kingdom of Christ!

#### Free Scholarships.

If you wish to establish, or to help establish, a free scholarship at Maryknoll or at our Apostolic School in Scranton, see page III.

#### The Mission Mail.

FOR letters and photographs received since our last issue we owe acknowledgment to the following:

##### CHINA—

Bishop Van Aertselaer, Central Mongolia; Fr. M. Kennelly, Shanghai; Fr. Didace Arcaud, Chefoo; Fr. J. M. Fraser, Taichowfu.

##### INDIA—

Fr. Aelen, Nellore; Fr. T. Gavan Duffy, Vellantangal.

##### JAPAN—

Bishop Berlioz, Hakodate.

##### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Bishop Hurth, Nueva Segovia.

#### We acknowledge letters from:

##### AFRICA—

Fr. P. Rogan, Mumias; Fr. Francis M. Burns, Budini; Fr. Röttgering, Mumias.

##### CHINA—

Fr. Deswazières, Sheklung; Fr. Fourquet, Canton; Fr. Tchao, Sheklung; Fr. Joseph Ouang, Pinghu; Sr. Mary Angeline, Canton.

##### INDIA—

Bishop Chapuis, Kumbakonam; Fr. Simon Stock, Kankanady; Fr. Altenhofen, Golla.

##### KOREA—

Fr. Claudius Ferrand, Fusan.

##### MALESIA—

Fr. Haidegger, Kuching.

##### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Bishop Foley, Tuguegarao; Bishop O'Doherty, Zamboanga.

Our missionaries are writing about the war these days, nor can we wonder when we consider all that this terrible conflict means to them. The missions are hard-struck and recovery will be slow. Most of their friends in Europe cannot send them means, while those who can, seem afraid to run the risk of having the remittances lost; missionaries have felt obliged to return to their country for service and there is no prospect of their being replaced. Every letter brings its comment on the war and in many places effort seems to have been quite paralyzed.

The following note is from Bishop Chapuis, in Kumbakonam, India:

The mobilization has taken away nine of our missionaries. This is a veritable disaster for our poor mission; five parishes are without priests. Pray that the war may speedily be over, so that our dear missionary-soldiers may soon return.

#### FIELD AFAR POST-CARDS.

Price fifty cents a hundred.

**FIFTY DOLLARS will secure a share in the Blessed Th. Vénard Burse; or a Life Associate Subscription; or a Memorial Associate Subscription.**

Another comment is from Fr. Gavan Duffy, also in India, who writes:

I am sorry to hear that the War (everyone writes it with a large W) has come down on your exchequer. Here it has put all of us up most unpleasant trees. We are expecting a number of our missionaries to leave for the front, as fourteen from the neighboring missions have already done. The annual allocations have not come in and private supplies have stopped. Our poor people, who depend mainly on their exports to France, will find their crops on their hands and will call on us for help. Then it is almost certain that we shall not get a new priest from France for years and we have had four unexpected deaths since January.

Fr. Burns adds a word on conditions in Africa:

All our supplies are practically cut off and we shall have difficulty in keeping afloat. Flour, rice and the more necessary articles of food have been seized by the Government. Each European is given an allowance of half a pound of flour a day. Other goods have gone up two hundred per cent.

My curate is an Austrian and has been put on parole. All the other German and Austrian subjects are in jail. I would ask you to pray for us and our friends in Europe. It is a relief to know that America is not mixed up in the war.

Bishop Van Aertselaer, a Belgian missionary in China, writes:

Since the beginning of the war, we have had no news from home except the telegraphic despatches published in the newspapers, and those are surely disquieting. We are ignorant of the fate of our mother-house in Scheut-les-Bruxelles and of the two houses which we have in the province of Anvers. In any case, it is clear that we can expect no help from either Belgium or France.

If these conditions are prolonged, what will become of our mission works, our schools, catechumenates, etc.? Who will take care of our twenty-one hundred orphans?

Yet we have less to complain of than the French missions. According to the papers, these have lost more than three hundred priests, who have been called to the colors. Belgium has not summoned any of our missionaries.

### A Friend in Egypt.

ONE of our Maryknoll family, while in the war zone last summer, saw quite a little of the distinguished prelate whose photograph appears on this page, and gleaned some interesting facts about his work for souls.

Few appreciate that Egypt, blessed by the sojourn of the Holy Family, became a great centre of Christianity in the first ages of the Church, and that St. Mark himself was martyred there.



THE RT. REV. MAXIMOS SEDFAOUI.  
(A bishop not worth robbing.)

In the third century it counted three hundred bishops and in 621 A.D., when the Mussulmans swept over the country, there were 38,000,000 Catholic Christians, the greater portion of whom died for the faith at the hands of the infidels.

To-day there are hardly 700,000 Christians and of these only 30,000 are Catholics, the rest having left Mother Church and become schismatics. Fifteen years ago there were not more than 10,000 Catholics, but this number has been tripled by the conversion of the schismatics, among whom Bishop Sedfaoui works untiringly.

And he seems to have the same struggles, the same trials and withal the same happy disposition that characterizes most of our missionaries. Everywhere he and his handful of priests—there are only sixty to minister to the whole of Egypt—find their best efforts baffled by the work of rich Protestant missionaries, who, with men, money and a press, have things pretty much their own way.

This good Bishop is eager to increase the number of his schools, so necessary for preserving the faith of the Catholic children and winning others to the Church, and to establish a Catholic press to counteract the work of those whose chief aim is to proselytize. May the Divine Babe, to Whom Egypt has a very special devotion, bless his work and supply his needs!

If it isn't betraying confidences, we might add that the Bishop's cross, chain and ring, which take such a good picture—and which 'look real,' too, to his own great amusement—cost altogether not more than ten dollars. This is just a few shades better, however, than the Indian bishop whose ring is a paper one, and the Egyptian seems to think he is well provided.

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### A Day in an African Village.

[Fr. Rogan's spirit seems to be contagious. It has, at any rate, fallen upon his curate, Fr. Röttgering, who sends us this interesting sketch of African life.]

IT is not very long ago since a kind-hearted lady wrote in one of our African papers: "Why teach religion to the native? Leave him alone and he is happy. Education robs him of this happiness."

O blessed simplicity! Why not leave him in peace, to spend his days with all his wives, with his beer, in his laziness and his dirty surroundings! What a pity we are so well educated that we can no longer enjoy life!

Let us take a little walk. Do not talk, but keep your eyes open. We are nearing a native village.

It is surrounded by a kind of poisonous and thickly planted hedge of strychnine and banana-palms. The whole circumference (everything is round here) does not measure more than a hundred and fifty yards.

We enter a roughly made gateway, low enough to require from the visitor the humble bending of the head, if, indeed, the spinal column does not get exercise. Directly in front of us is an open place where the cattle are kept. Sheep, goats, oxen, cows,—all find room here, unless they are accommodated in the huts themselves. This particular spot is the pride of the village inhabitants, but an eyesore—and nosedore—to a European.

The huts are scattered about without plan or regularity. They are all round, about ten or twelve feet in diameter and built of reeds and mud, with grass-covered roof. A general aspect of neglect prevails and cleanliness is something to be hoped for. Boys and girls, whose little bodies have not felt the refreshment of water for the last fortnight, walk about in nature's dress, and there is a general air of care-for-nothing nonchalance.

Here is a woman grinding corn. She is sitting on her heels. In her hand is a rough stone and on the ground is one of larger proportions. She has an earthenware pipe with a long iron stem and she is smoking away like a steam-engine, humming some native song of about three musical notes which are repeated over and over again. Meanwhile the ground corn is pushed back—on the floor. If it mingles with the dirt or sand, that does not matter.

All this time the elders are having a talk outside the huts. Their conversation is lagging now and their eyes are sleepy. They bask in the sun, sitting on their primitive stools, a foot above the ground. There is no need for them to work. Money they do not want and the women cultivate enough to satisfy nature's requirements.

In the afternoon comes the rain, torrential, tropical rain. The village is drenched but the cattle-place gets the worst of it. The soil, baked by the forenoon sun, sends up generous vapors, and a huge heap of undried grass which was left smoking through a choked fire, contributes its share to the unpleasantness. Underfoot everything is mud now and the soapy ground seems to slip away as you step on it.

It is nearly bed-time but let us first see the people at their supper. They look tired and it seems true that laziness makes men more tired than labor. They take in their unwashed hands a quantity of the native flour, which has been boiled in tolerably clean river-water until it resembles a brown, sticky dough. This is kneaded a little with thumb and forefinger, dipped in a concoction of vegetables and water, and eaten with a loud noise. Conversation is scarce now.

As the supper is finished, the people disperse. One crawls here and another there, to find a nest by rolling up in a blanket sticky with dirt from the muddy floor. And then—do they dream of their happiness, as some would call it?

### The Field Afar in Japan.

OVER in Japan they are fond of amateur theatricals. The young people whose photograph appears on this page meet regularly to increase their knowledge and love of the Catholic faith, and celebrate the feast days with theatricals.

This particular group was taken after the Christmas play, but the Spiritual Director seems to be finding THE FIELD AFAR more interesting than the performers. We should prefer to see the latter—for a change.

Among the traditions preserved by descendants of the ancient Christians in Japan, is this legend:

At Bethlehem Mary and Joseph had left the Divine Infant to the care of the ass and the ox. The latter, becoming impatient, began to roll his big eyes towards the little Jesus. But the ass was watching and the moment the great horns were lowered threateningly, he kicked the ox in the face. The Babe, awaking, condemned the unfaithful creature, saying: "Henceforth you shall be eaten by man." Then to the ass He said: "Since you have watched by my cradle, you shall be the companion of my life." Thus the fidelity of the ass won for him the privilege of sharing in turn the exile into Egypt and the triumphal entry into Jerusalem.



THE FIELD AFAR ON THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.  
(Photo sent by Fr. Birroux.)

### Now for Christmas!

WE cannot offer many Christmas gifts—for your purchase—but these few are worth considering:

#### A MODERN MARTYR.

*The Life of Blessed Theophane Vénard.*

Price fifty cents; postage ten cents.

#### STORIES FROM THE FIELD AFAR.

Price fifty cents; postage ten cents.

#### AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

*The Story of Fr. Judge, S.J., in Alaska.*

Price fifty cents; postage twelve cents.

#### THOUGHTS FROM MODERN MARTYRS.

In cloth thirty cents, in leather sixty cents; postage five cents.

#### LIVES OF TWENTY-SIX MARTYRS OF TONKIN.

Price one dollar, postpaid.

#### BIBLE OF THE SICK.

Price forty-five cents; postage five cents.

#### THÉOPHANE VÉNARD (in French).

Price fifty cents; postage ten cents.

#### PIERRE CHANEL (in French).

Price fifty cents; postage fourteen cents.

#### A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FIELD AFAR.

Ordinary - - - - fifty cents.  
Associate - - - - one dollar.

#### FIELD AFAR PRAYER PRINTS.

(Some subjects are especially suitable for Christmas-tide.)

Price twenty-five cents a hundred.

#### A STATUETTE OF BLESSED THEOPHANE VÉNARD.

*In bronze or old ivory finish.*

Price three dollars.

#### SPECIAL OFFER

A Modern Martyr

Stories from The Field Afar

An American Missionary

Thoughts from Modern Martyrs

\$2.00

POSTPAID

### Americans in China.

TWO Franciscans from the United States, Fr. Edward Lunney and Fr. Juniper Doolin, were on the Pacific Ocean when we last heard from them, on their way to the mission of N. W. Hupeh. They were the only two priests aboard but were in the company of *one hundred and sixty* Protestant missionaries of various denominations, all bound for Asia on the steamer "Manchuria."

A letter from Sr. Mary Angeline, in Canton, reached us about the time that her Superior arrived at Maryknoll for a short visit with our Teresians. Needless to say, both received a hearty welcome.

Like Rachel of old, the mission field is now mourning, for it has lost many of its missionaries. Their departure, the death of our loved Pius X. and of Fr. Conrardy, and the absence of our Reverend Mother, who has left for Canada, have brought a feeling of sadness to us all.

There are also other serious causes of anxiety, for

"The melancholy days have come,

The saddest of the year,

With war abroad, nor peace at home,  
And foodstuffs very dear."

The great European centres of aid are ravaged by war and have nothing to extend to the workers in foreign lands.

This week we open school for the winter term. Again we shall learn that "duck indeed" is a sentence and that the coast of Norway is so cold that "they must have a furnace." While learning such lessons, we shall try to teach more useful ones.

A difficult work has been taken up by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at Harbin, Manchuria, a town which is so damp and unhealthy that it is continually visited by about all kinds of diseases. The Superior of these valiant women, who has been in America, writes:

We find in this infected place nothing but material and moral ruins. There are left only the ashes of a hospital, which was burned after the plague of 1911, and the tombs of four missionary Fathers, the last of whom died of the dr ad disease after having heroically baptized over three hundred heathens.

Winter is coming on at long strides and we have nothing to shelter us. There is not even a single piece of wood



THE HOME OF FRANCISCAN NUNS IN MANCHURIA.

(Photo sent by Mother Agnelle.)

at hand, with which we might build a fire.

To complete the misfortune, thirteen of our Fathers have just been called back to Europe for the war. None are left here but the sick and a few Chinese priests.

### THE LATE APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS.

The hardest task for the average Catholic missionary is to beg money for his work and very few appreciate the heartaches which many a traveling priest or bishop has to endure. His rebuffs—and they are frequent—come, as do the acts of kindness, from unexpected quarters, and he can never get used to them, especially if he is by nature gentle and sensitive.

The late Fr. Conrardy knew the United States well. He had been attached to the Oregon mission and later, when determined to give up his life to the service of lepers, he had studied medicine at Willamette University in that State.

Fr. Conrardy was importunate. In his quest for alms he covered Belgium and the United States and to our knowledge he received many hard knocks, ungracious refusals and even insults, all along the line.

There were scores, however, and hundreds, who were kind to this beggar for Christ, and it will edify and encourage them to realize by the following letter to what good use their alms were put. This

letter was sent by Fr. Conrardy to a physician friend in Oregon:

All my time is taken up with 700 lepers, 200 women and 500 men. I have five Sisters, four white and one Chinese, to care for the girls and women on an island I bought for them. Two helpers assist me in caring for the men, but I look especially after the sick. I have about fifty in my hospital.

This evening two lepers brought in a leper boy who had been injured by the railway. He said he would be glad to stay here. I guess the thought came because he saw I treated him kindly. I will keep him and he will be my Christmas present.

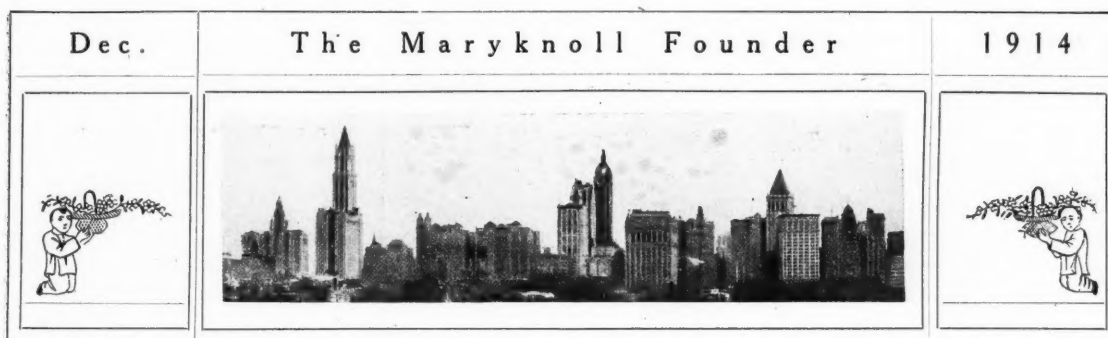
Here Christmas brings no change. My poor altar receives no decorations, as I have none. A little crucifix and two small candles—that's all. I have not a single holy picture on the wall.

Every day I say Mass and the lepers assist. Some are carried on the backs of others, but these come only when I wish to assemble the whole body for instruction.

To the lepers I am all. No one else cares for them, not even their own parents. In the beginning I had a hard time with them, for they were not used to discipline. They had a horror of the dead and even mothers would not touch or even look upon their own children after they had died. Most of the lepers did not want to help me put the dead in coffins or even assist me in caring for the very sick. But to-day they do it, since they have seen me perform such offices.

I would be very happy to die but I do not want to die in my bed. I will have only lepers to attend on me. My funeral will not cost a cent, as I do not want a coffin. That would cost fifty cents—the price I pay for the lepers' coffins. Even this is too much for me.





### Some of the Helpers.

**W**E are hoping that Mr. Santa Claus will leave his warm coat and a couple of robes, if he shows up at Maryknoll.

The latest box of old jewelry came from New Haven, Conn. Cast-off finery can help the cause of missions.

A pair of gloves arrived the same day, in company with a time-keeper.

A check for \$227.50, representing the final payment on the residue of the will of the late Fr. Timothy Murphy, of Salem, reached us since our last issue.

Picking up shingles to buy some Maryknoll land—this is what a boy of thirteen has been doing down on Cape Cod, Mass. That boy has in him the makings of an apostle.

A seminarian in Menlo Park, Cal., sent us recently the twenty-second out of twenty-five promised subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR. He begins his missionary career early.

"Mary's Mission Mites" have been heard from again. These little friends write from Merion, Pa., asking for more land-slips and telling us that they are 'delighted' with THE FIELD AFAR.

"I am sending you five dollars for a six years' Associate Subscription."

So writes a priest who knows how not only to save a dollar but to avoid bother for himself and us. The offer is open to all our subscribers.

We are gratified to note a considerable increase in the proportion of our Associate Subscribers. Many who were on our Ordinary list have, in renewing their subscriptions, added fifty cents and associated themselves with our work.

Again from California we have received a stock certificate. This time it is from a layman who desires his family to benefit by all the spiritual privileges of our Society. The shares, which are in an Insurance Company, number eleven and represent a total valuation of \$275.

The writer of the following letter was too modest to give her name, but we insist upon thanking her, even if we must do it publicly:

Enclosed please find two dollars. Fifty cents of this sum was found on the street and you will agree that no orphaned half-dollar ever came to a better temporary home than Maryknoll.

The rest of the money was snatched from behind the backs of those three little 'watchful, waiting' waifs who do duty on the side of your mite box. I wish the amount were much larger.

### To Tabernacle Societies

we humbly submit the following needs:

Plain, lawn surplices (pattern to be supplied);

Plain albs, with no lace;

A cope, white or cloth of gold;

Sets of vestments for Solemn High Mass (a weekly function in seminaries).

Our altar requisites—to avoid the word 'needs' occasionally—may be judged from the fact that we have five altars.

We have enough chalices and we are not badly off for ordinary vestments, but two of our missals are quite dilapidated and it would give us much satisfaction to replace them—some time before Christmas.

We venture the opinion that interest in foreign missions is proof, as a rule, of the finest type of Christian charity. Here is a not unusual example, from Maryland:

Please say a Mass for the poor soldiers who are sick and wounded on the European battle-fields. My heart pities them. God comfort them in my prayer to-night. This is the best way I know of, by which to help them.

*The Field Afar* for one year to any one address:

**10 copies (12 issues) for \$4.00**

25 " " " 10.00

50 " " " 20.00

100 " " " 40.00

Our Pius X. Burse, suggested by a priest and started by the liberal gift of another, is attracting notice, as the following letter indicates:

I have read no further than the second page of THE FIELD AFAR—"Why not start a Pius X. Burse?" Before having my attention diverted, may I ask for the pleasure of contributing a small sum towards a burse in honor of the Father of the Little Ones? I have five children and I send a dollar apiece in their names.

A good friend writes: "Is it too late to buy some more of your land at one cent a foot?"

We answer: *Not at all.* We have raised neither the price nor the mortgage, but keeping to our word, we have sent out no formal appeal to any but new subscribers. It will be some years before all our land is taken, but our friends, new and old, are welcome to shorten the period and it will give us a special pleasure to send to any such, one or more of our land-slips.

How nuns at home can help the foreign missions is made clear by the following letter from a well-known hospital in Rochester, N.Y.:

Please send to us at the above address two copies of *A Modern Martyr*, two of *Thoughts from Modern Martyrs* (in cloth) and one of *An American Missionary in Alaska*.

Send also one copy of each of the above-mentioned books to the following address — and the same three books, plus *Stories from The Field Afar*, to the three following addresses —

Enclosed please find eleven dollars. If there is a few cents' change, use it for Maryknoll land.

A friend asked us the other day if we did not need something at Maryknoll. We were so dazed that we could think of nothing except money to meet our running expenses, and such a commonplace, nameless want does not, as a rule, appeal, no matter how pressing it is.

When we were out of our friend's sight, we thought of all kinds of things, but it was too late. We recall one just now. About a dozen ordinary, bent wood chairs would find a special welcome.



PLAY BALL. HAKKI!

(Photo sent by Bishop Chatron.)

Stamps are an indispensable commodity here and the postmaster at Ossining likes us because we buy so many. Few people realize how such expenses, made up of trifles, eat into the income of a work like ours. Some of our readers do catch this idea and have a little knack of proving it by dropping a few U. S. engravings into their envelopes. Unusually thoughtful, however, is this good soul from Providence, who writes:

I send a stamped return-envelope, because I want you to have the whole dollar and not be obliged to pay for stamps and envelopes out of so small a sum.

The truly Christian mother is revealed in these lines:

Last February my husband got a raise of one hundred dollars a year in his salary and we decided to send the first year's increase to Maryknoll. At that time we sent you fifty dollars and now we are sending fifty more, to complete the promise.

We would like to have our offering go towards the St. Columba Burse. I am sorry that this burse is not getting along faster, but it has a good foundation, anyway—a bishop with an Irish heart. You may like to know why I am so interested in it. Columba is my baby's name. Everyone thinks it is a strange name, but I am glad it is not strange at Maryknoll. Please pray for my oldest boy, who will graduate this year, and for my girl, who will finish at the academy.

If you are already a subscriber and feel that these pages are helping you to realize more fully the mission of the Church and the sacrifices of present-day apostles, extend this influence to others—at least to one.

## For Christmas.

If you wish to give a useful and acceptable present, make it an Associate Subscription to The Field Afar.

Send the name and address of your relative or friend, with the regular enclosure of One Dollar, and we will mail to him, or her, an attractive, signed CERTIFICATE, on any date you set.

## What Nuns Say of It.

You do not know, perhaps, how much pleasure your little paper gives us. It helps us pass many a pleasant evening. We pray that God may continue to bless your beautiful work and send you many helpers.

Of all the papers I see, THE FIELD AFAR is my favorite. It is the only one of which it can be said that I 'take all the reading out of it.' Your Seminary and St. Teresa's children are surely providential beginnings in these days of wars and rumors of wars.

Let us know when you move or you will be missing papers, while we shall be burdened with notifications from your former post-office.

If you get up a club of five subscribers at fifty cents each, your own subscription will be free. When you send the remittance, however, you should express your desire to benefit by this offer.

## Light on the Burse Count.

Our daily mail gives evidence of a growing interest in the *Maryknoll Burses*. Each burse has its indignant patron. One writer says that our Irish readers ought to be ashamed to see St. Patrick so low on the list. Another advises us to bring to the attention of all French-Canadian bishops and priests the fact that we have a St. Jean Baptiste Burse which too few people are noting. A third expresses surprise that the Theophane Vénard Burse is still open and a fourth is convinced that if people only knew, "the Little Flower Burse would be filled in no time." And so it goes.

Patience! One day it will be too late to contribute to some of the burses now open, but by that time we shall be asking for bricks or stones.

**A FOREIGN MISSION BURSE**—to share in such may be one of your privileges. To contribute to the formation of a priest who later will remember you at the altar, is indeed a privilege which a devout Catholic would give much to possess.

Each of our Burses, or foundations, will provide for the education, not only of one priest, but of many in successive generations.

Every Burse represents \$5,000—which will be carefully invested so as to draw a yearly interest sufficient for this splendid purpose.

#### COMPLETED BURSES.

The Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
The Boland Memorial Burse	6,000.
The Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.
*The St. Willibrord Burse	5,000.
The Providence Diocese Burse	5,002.
The Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000.

#### PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

	May, 1914.	Dec. 1914.
Towards Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse . . . . .	\$3,360.48	\$3,962.48
Towards Cheverus Centennial School Burse . . . . .	*3,042.50	*3,107.50
Towards A. M. D. G. Memorial Burse . . . . .	500.00	1,500.00
Towards All Souls Burse . . . . .	1,149.91	1,331.56
Towards St. Joseph Burse . . . . .	1,220.00	1,258.00
Towards Father B. Burse . . . . .	*1,054.00	*1,054.00
Towards Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse . . . . .	769.00	899.00
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse . . . . .	609.28	773.31
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse . . . . .	546.87	758.38
Towards St. Patrick Burse . . . . .	614.00	695.50
Towards Little Flower of Jesus Burse (for Scranton)	255.89	487.08
Towards St. Stephen Burse . . . . .	342.00	342.00
Towards Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse . . . . .	.....	297.50
Towards St. Teresa Burse . . . . .	.....	220.00
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse . . . . .	197.00	197.00
Towards St. Lawrence Burse . . . . .	152.00	162.00
Towards St. Anthony Burse . . . . .	130.24	145.40
Towards Pius X. Burse . . . . .	.....	117.20
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse . . . . .	112.00	114.00
Towards St. Boniface Burse . . . . .	102.00	103.00
Towards J. M. F. Compound Interest Burse . . . . .	.....	100.00
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Towards St. John the Baptist Burse . . . . .	58.00	69.00
Towards Holy Ghost Burse . . . . .	64.00	68.00
Towards All Saints Burse . . . . .	63.80	67.05
Towards St. Francis of Assisi Burse . . . . .	28.00	38.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

\*On hand, but not operative.

#### A Postscript from the Knoll.

'Din Dun' is still doing his best to keep our friends on the list, and letters like the following show that our friends are glad to be kept there:

It would require a harder heart than mine to refuse the appeal of *Din Dun*. I think that, if it were necessary, I would beg, borrow or steal a dollar for such a good cause.

That awful threat of having the postman pass us and of not receiving another picture of *Din Dun*—well, it was just terrible. So we are sending a money order for two dollars. I would have liked to send more to *Din Dun*—bless his little heart!

I would not for a good deal part with my paper, as it is one of the most interesting publications I receive, and I may even say, the most interesting of all. Your idea of having a 'din dun' in your office equipment is a good one and as I am in the credit line of business myself, I can assure you I know that such a reminder is needed occasionally.

I heartily congratulate you on your great success, which has come in such a short time. I trust and pray that the good work may go on and that American vocations to the foreign missions may increase a hundred per cent., to make up for the loss of all those young aspirants who will have fallen in this terrible war.

Another thoughtful subscriber writes:

Enclosed you will find a dollar, which changes my subscription from ordinary to associate. You had the expense of notifying me that the subscription had run out and this would amount to a good deal if you had to do it for every subscriber. So I am sending ten cents in stamps to pay for my neglect.

As a rule, we don't embarrass our benefactors by printing their names, but the temptation is strong when a *bishop* sends his 'mite,' especially if the contribution represents his diocese. And such was the case with a recent very generous gift, which came with the following note:

Enclosed please find a small contribution from the Diocese of Burlington towards the furtherance of your heartfelt desires. You may apply this amount to the needs you find most urgent and live in hope that later on we may be able to send you another mite.

Wishing you and your noble enterprise God's most abundant blessings, and begging a share in your pious prayers and good works, I remain

Devotedly yours in Dno.,

✠ JOSEPH J. RICE,  
Bishop of Burlington.

Manual labor is a daily feature of student life at Maryknoll and we are trying to combine with it a somewhat varied training in view of present needs here and future occasions on the mission field. Just now we are on engineering problems and we are looking for a

#### Surveying Kit.

This should include: 1 Transit with Tripod; 1 Level with Tripod; 2 one hundred foot Steel Taps (Standard); 2 two foot Standard Rules; 2 Plumb Bobs; 1 Engineer's Field Book; 1 Engineer's Hand Book; 1 Set of Draughting Instruments.

Well, we got that automobile. It isn't exactly what we were looking for—a delivery wagon—but it has a spacious box on the rear and is in excellent condition.

Monsignor Dunn, of the New York 'Propagation Office,' 'turned the trick.' In one of his spicy paragraphs he made fun of our \$7.50 horse and wound up his story with the suggestion that what he called a *Tin Lizzy* would be very acceptable at Ossining.

The article appeared on Friday, was answered on Saturday from Newark, N. J., and the machine was in our possession on Sunday. This gift meant a sacrifice to the donor. May God reward his goodness!

There is a piano on the Knoll. Did we pay for it? No. We have enough notes to pay without using up our benefactors' offerings on those of a piano. But some one was kind, or better, some two were kind. One was a priest and the other, a friend who at this priest's suggestion found the means to supply our want.

The piano is in the hold-all room at St. Michael's, where it is used to accompany the hair-cutter, a home-made folding machine, and some pretty poor singers who gather around the music-box for their own recreation and for the discomfort of the non-participants.

What we need now is some one to play the instrument. We have a few performers here, but they never went beyond the first quarter and their touch is somewhat too *delicatessen* for the good of everybody concerned.

### Gifts in Kind and Currency.

Chalice, ciborium, sick call burses, stoles and box of clothing from Rev. Friend, Holyoke, Mass.; books from Rev. Friend, Rome City, Ind.; clock from Carmel, St. Louis, Mo.; 2 boxes of altar linens from Women's Auxiliary, N. Y. City; sheets, pillow-cases, towel and book from Mrs. M. McP., Newport, R. I.; overcoat from A. S., Brookline, Mass.; old jewelry from Friend, Washington, D. C.; clock and gloves from M. H., Cambridge, Mass.; old jewelry from M. M., New Haven, Conn.; old jewelry from J. C., Dorchester, Mass.; book from J. McN., Riverpoint, R. I.



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One Christmas and Another.



PRESENT for the illustrious and mighty master!"

It was *Pak-to-lo Tchan*, beaming with childish happiness, who spoke, as he held out to a small boy who had finally answered his repeated knocking at the big gate, a bundle fancifully decorated with gaudy paper streamers.

The small boy, *Gnao Ming*, was the son and heir of the great man to whom *Pak-to-lo* bore the gift, but *Pak-to-lo* could not guess that, for the boy was dressed in plain clothes like his own, and the pouty face and brusque manner with which he took the outstretched gift, were little in accordance with *Pak-to-lo's* idea of a prince.

But the question he put, hurt *Pak-to-lo* the most.

"Why do you bring gifts to-day? There is no feast. What do you want my honorable father to do for you?"

And yet *Gnao Ming* was not all to blame. How could he, a pagan, know that it was Christmas and that the gift—it was only a beautiful, fresh fish—was prompted by *Pak-to-lo's* gratitude to his best customer, and born of the love of Christ, which never seeks self? And he had forgotten for the moment that he himself was in disgrace, and didn't look the least bit like a prince. He had been very rude to his tutor, a wise old man, who had taken his fine clothes from him and sent him, dressed like a commoner, into the garden.

So *Pak-to-lo's* tears started, and *Gnao*, whose heart after all was that of a child, though a spoiled one,

was sorry for his roughness and led the little stranger to his own corner of the garden, where, before long, the prince and the poor man's son were as happy as only children can be, their little tongues clattering and all distinction of rank gone.

*Gnao* had all kinds of toys which were a delight to *Pak-to-lo*. *Pak-to-lo* told *Gnao* all about Christmas and the lovely Infant Jesus that they had on a bed of straw in his church, and that his father had given ever so many fish away,—three great big ones to the poor widow who had so many children she couldn't feed them.

*Gnao* thought the stories quite the most interesting he had ever heard. The spirit of Christmas filled him and when his guest was leaving, he loaded him down with toys to give to the poor children, and he made *Pak-to-lo* promise to ask for him every time he came with the fish.

When the joyful *Pak-to-lo* reached home and distributed the treasures, he told his companions what had happened. The children were too happy to appreciate its significance, but one of the elders suggested that the Christ Child had brought them a most precious gift, a chance to sow seed in the soul of a heathen prince, and that they ought to go to the chapel to thank Him and ask that the seed bear fruit.

What a tender, loving benediction the Divine Babe must have given to those innocent little ones as they knelt around His Crib, hardly knowing what they asked and wholly unmindful of what the future held for them!

The year 1900 was drawing to a

close. Eleven years had passed and with them scarcely a week in which *Pak-to-lo* had not carried his goods to the great house of Ming. But never again had he seen *Gnao*, though he had prayed to the Christ Child for him every day and sent him many messages which were never delivered.

*Gnao's* story of that morning's adventure had at once awakened suspicion in the royal household. There would be no Christian influence around the Mings, whose own gods had dealt bountifully with them, and one ingenious pretext after another had been raised to prevent *Gnao* from receiving *Pak-to-lo*, for whom he had asked week after week. Often, too, he had looked longingly into the street, hoping that every boy who came along would turn out to be his little friend of Christmas Day. Gradually, however, all but a pleasant, hazy memory of *Pak-to-lo* passed from him, and he grew to manhood like many another Chinese prince, proud, selfish and arrogant, a Christian-hater, and one of the most relentless of the leaders in the Boxer persecution then at its height.

It was Christmas Eve. Some three hundred Christians from the neighboring country had fled before *Gnao's* troops and sought shelter in the little church which *Pak-to-lo* and the men about had barricaded. All were terror-stricken. *Pak-to-lo* was everywhere, strengthening the weak points of the fortification, comforting the women, or stopping now and again to toss into the air the little ones who did not understand what the fuss was all about. Everybody knew that the morrow would be Christmas, but *Pak-to-lo*

was the only one who believed that the Christ Child, in whose honor he had fashioned the customary Crib, would bless them in some special way.

In the early morning an alarm was given and soon the dread name of *Gnao* was passed from lip to lip. A cry of despair went forth; mothers grasped their babes and even the bravest of the men sickened. They knew they could expect no mercy.

*Pak-to-lo* had withdrawn with several of the elders. He recalled the Christmas of long ago, and foolhardy as it seemed, he resolved to go to meet *Gnao* and ask for mercy in memory of their former friendship.

Quietly he slipped out of the enclosure and, bearing a flag of truce, approached the enemy. A great cheer arose when they saw him, for to *Gnao's* hostile crowd it meant that the Christians in their fear were ready to apostatize.

*Pak-to-lo* was conducted to *Gnao*. He knew at once this time that he was in the presence of a prince, for the camp was a regal one. *Gnao* looked at him coldly and asked his mission.

"I would tell you a story, and if it pleases you, most noble prince, I would ask a favor," said *Pak-to-lo*.

"You seek a queer time for story-telling," replied *Gnao*. "Still the morning is young and I would be amused. But mind, no treachery!"

*Pak-to-lo* shivered before the piercing dart of *Gnao's* cruel eyes. Then he began:

"Most illustrious prince, in the West is a lovely land, lying in a fertile valley and called by its people, Judea. For centuries it had been oppressed, yet lived in

hopes of the time when the Redeemer promised to it by prophets and wise men should come to establish it in glory. And there among its hills, nineteen hundred years ago to-day, a Babe was born of a Virgin. But only a few chosen ones knew that He was to be the King of all men, for he took for his birthplace a manger, for his friends, lowly shepherds. To be sure, three Wise Men, led by the Holy Spirit, came bringing rich gifts and then went their way. But these were all who did honor to the King of kings."

*Gnao's* face had softened as he listened. He glanced quizzically at *Pak-to-lo*. Yet he could not tell why he was so moved or where he had heard all this before.

So the story-teller went on: "The Babe was called Jesus and He grew up and gave His whole life, even dying a most ignominious

death, that His people might be saved. Yet only a few knew Him, and knew that His kingdom was of God in Heaven and that earthly glories meant nothing to Him. But those who did believe in Him and served Him, were called Christians."

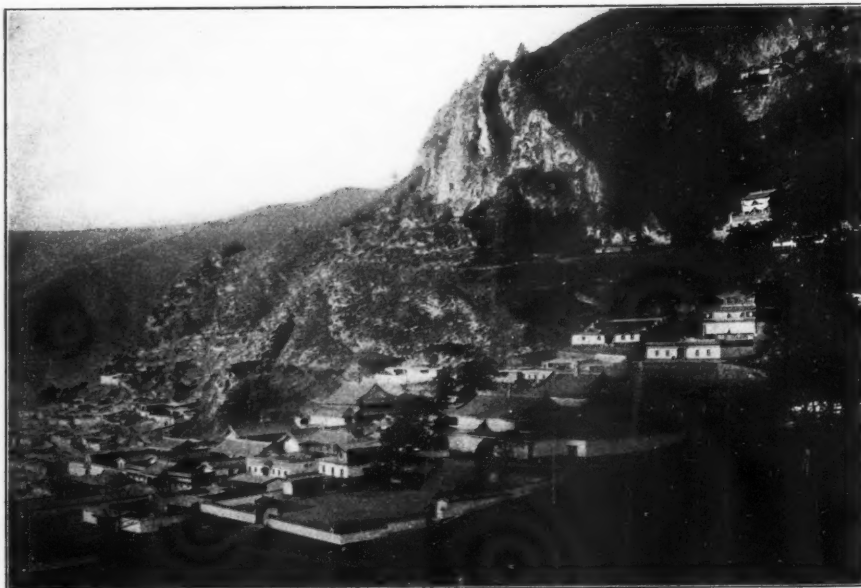
*Gnao* was on his feet in a moment. The mists of the years had lifted.

"Oh!" he cried, "you are my little fish-boy."

"And this is Christmas," *Pak-to-lo* added, "and you do remember that happy, care-free day so long ago, when we played in your garden and you sent gifts with your love to my people."

*Gnao* smiled. *Pak-to-lo* pressed his advantage.

"There are in the barracks over there, at this minute, some of those little boys—now men with children of their own, who play



"So the little village was spared through *Pak-to-lo's* love of the Christ Child."  
(Photo sent by Frs. Selsos and Schram.)

with the wonderful gifts you sent that day. Three hundred Christians like myself are there, helpless against you, and I ask you in the name of the Infant Christ, whose birthday it is, to spare them as a token of the pledge of love you sent that Christmas Day."

Gnao hesitated. A protest went up from his council,—that the prey was theirs, earned after a hard night's march, that the Christians were plotting against him and that Pak-to-lo was ready to kill him.

But it was the King's own day, and Gnao chose to be the magnanimous and not the cruel prince.

"Come," he said, "I will go back with you and give the tidings myself."

Together they went into the barracks, where the glad news spread and the wildly happy people prostrated themselves before the prince, whose goodness they could not believe. Then Pak-to-lo led Gnao to the church, that he might see the Crib where lay the image of the Saviour, and the crowd followed, singing from overflowing hearts—*Venite, adoremus Dominum*.

So the little village was spared through Pak-to-lo's love of the Christ Child.

As for Gnao, he swept on, harassing the country far and wide, as if the last drop of his mercy had been shed at the Crib, till he at last fell. But we may rightly hope that in that final struggle the Divine Babe came to him and laid His little hand on the hard heart that had once spared in His honor, so many helpless ones.

Maryknoll, December, 1914.

Tuesday, November 10, 1914.

WE have been tempted to print the above heading in red ink, for it marks the date of an important event,—the ordination of Maryknoll's first priest,



CARDINAL FARLEY.  
"THE CARDINAL OF THE MISSIONS."  
(From a photograph taken recently at Lourdes.)

Daniel Leo McShane, of Columbus, Indiana.

The ceremony took place at the Cathedral in New York and the ordination was conferred by His Eminence Cardinal Farley, the esteemed Ordinary of the diocese in which Maryknoll is located and our special friend and patron in this country.

The hour was early, eight o'clock, but though Ossining is a good thirty miles from the Metropolis, we were all on hand in good season,—the students with their Directors, the auxiliaries, two representatives from The Vénard, four of the Teresians, and three of the Maryknoll camp-followers, including the 'ship-carpenter.'

Monsignor Dunn, now Chancellor of the Archdiocese, was present, and the Rev. Dr. Hughes, Rector of Cathedral College, had gathered his students for the occasion. Dr. Mitty and Dr. Ryan, both from the Diocesan Seminary at Dunwoodie, were there to help us. Fr. Donovan, of St. John's, New York, and Fr. McShane, of Indiana, a brother

If You are so Inclined.

A word to you who would have the Foreign Mission Seminary benefit after your death by your present thoughtfulness.

Suppose you desire to leave to us a certain sum, which is now lying in a savings bank, or elsewhere, and drawing interest which you need.

We are in a position to accept your gift now, agreeing to turn over the income to you during your lifetime.

of the ordinand, with the Directors of the Seminary, completed the little circle of priests who, in the solemn stillness of the vast Cathedral, on that sun-bright morning, invoked a blessing upon Maryknoll's first apostle.

And the congregation—it was lost in the great church. There were a few friends of our students, some zealous promoters of the Propagation of the Faith, the ordinary daily devotees and some passing strangers—few indeed, but a privileged few, who, it is safe to say, will not soon forget the scene they witnessed.

Two others were in that congregation, but they were unknown to almost all present. They had come the day before, from the Middle West, to be present for the second time at the ordination of a son. These parents, truly Christian and consistently Catholic, though loath to part with their son, are content to do so and feel that they have been honored in his call to the worldwide apostolate.

The newly ordained, after giving his blessing to the people, went into the Cardinal's residence and, with his Reverend brother and the Seminary Superior, was privileged to breakfast with His Eminence. A few hours later, all, including the new priest and his parents, were back at Maryknoll, enjoying to the full the spiritual and material delights of what is known in this section as *Sunset Hill*.

Father McShane, assisted by his Reverend brother, said his first Mass the following morning, in our Seminary chapel. It was a Low Mass, attended by all the dwellers on the Knoll.

"And now," you ask, "what are you going to do with this first priest?"

Don't be impatient. We have not bought his steamer ticket yet and we are not likely to do so for some time. Great bodies move slowly and we are trying to believe that we are in that class. Preliminaries take time and besides, we hope, when the hour has arrived for our priests to go to the missions, to send out a little group, not an individual.

In the meantime, we need the services of our first priest. You must not forget that we have at Maryknoll two separate organizations, including two separate chapels with daily Mass in each, and that we have another house and chapel in Pennsylvania. The few priests who teach at the Seminary are usually away on Sundays and these are, in fact, our good friends, helping us for a while, rather than our brothers who will always be with us.

You who have read these lines, offer a *Hail Mary* for the young priest whose ordination has inspired them. May he be the beginning of a long line to pass from the doors of Maryknoll into the fields that are white with souls, awaiting the reapers!

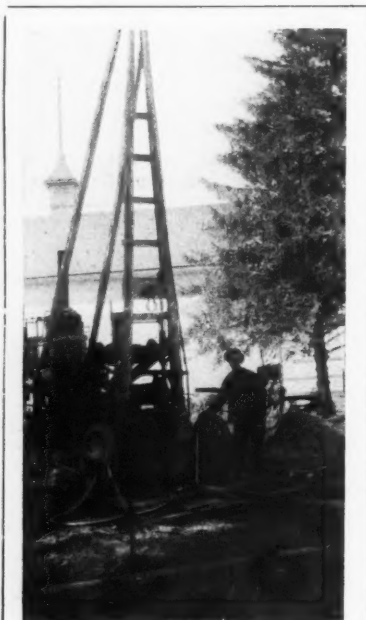
In spite of a strong resolution not to pay out money for a horse, we bought one, or rather, it fell on us. This is the tale.

We needed horse-help badly, at least for a few weeks, and we learned accidentally of an animal that could be purchased with eighteen dollars (\$18.00). We understood that it was alive and could 'get up when it was down,'—a very useful trait.

To satisfy the boss-farmer, the Superior gave up his desk-chair, slipped some money into his pock-

et, and soon afterwards was witness to a transaction that would have made David Harum blush. The horse, stabled in a hen-house, was gradually unravelled and deposited in the grassless back-yard. It was, or had been, white of color, and its great ribs were clearly outlined. The hip-bones were so prominent that a coat and hat could easily rest on either side.

The Hebrew gentleman who owned the beast assured us, as it made a dive for the solitary weed ornamenting the yard, that it could eat anything and that he himself—a grocer by trade—supplied the animal with a steady diet of stale bread. We noticed that the teeth were still in the head and fit for crunching. Four new shoes were found under the untrimmed feet and we were told that a harness would be thrown in. After considerable haggling, we struck a bargain for fifteen dollars, which, allowing \$7.50 for



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(He has beaten it to a finish and is proud of his success.)

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**Remember This Cause—**  
*in your will.*

Our legal title:

**Catholic Foreign Mission**  
**Society of America, Inc.**

the harness and shoes, brought the cost of the horse down to \$7.50.

That was over a month ago and to-day the animal is doing nicely, thank you. He has earned his purchase-price and feed, including his salt.

An Artesian well is always a game of chance, but we had to take the chance in order to be sure of water—and pure water. So down went the drill and up went the cost. When we arrived at one hundred and fifty feet in hard rock, we were getting about two gallons of water a minute and we needed ten. At two hundred feet we expected five gallons a minute and we found thirteen. Congratulate us then, while we thank an ever bountiful Provider.

The hole is covered, waiting till we can meet the next expense, a deep-well pump and its several accessories.

The Teresians were quite delighted to entertain recently Mother de Lourdes, of Canton, China.

Mother de Lourdes, as some of our readers will perhaps remember, is Superior of the little group of Canadian nuns who went to China from Montreal a few years ago. Among her spiritual children is Sister Mary Angeline, in the world, Mary Donovan, who was on the clerical staff of THE FIELD AFAR at one time.

Mother de Lourdes speaks enthusiastically of the possibilities in China, tells of the surprising number of children baptized yearly by her young community, and expresses the hope that American Catholics will soon emulate in the Far East the activities of their Protestant neighbors.



### The Vénard Problem.



HE Vénard is thriving. Its dozen students are in good health and spirits, anticipating with joy and sorrow the holidays, which will mark for some of them the first Christmas away from home.

They are a cheery lot, these young aspirants to the apostolate, and we at Maryknoll are quite proud of them. Their rank at St. Thomas' College is, as a rule, very high and the priests who teach them say kind words behind their pupils' backs, whatever they may say in the class-room.

The ordination of our first priest, Fr. McShane, was a considerable event for the Vénard students, as well as for the young mother at Maryknoll, because, as a deacon, Fr. McShane had been their Director for several weeks just prior to his retreat for priesthood.

And a delegation had gone to New York to witness the great event. This delegation was made up of two choice specimens of Vénard culture, one whose home is in the New Jersey mosquito belt, the other, a typical *Noo Yoiker*, who is gradually losing his "brogue" under the softening influence of the Scranton tongue. It wasn't a hard task to wean these two away from their companions but it took a heart of brass to drive them home, once they were anchored at Maryknoll, for Maryknoll is a pleasing dreamland for the Vénard youth.

What will happen when these boys get out of a hired house into their own home, we cannot say. Perhaps they will find it more attractive than Maryknoll.

At this writing we are on a quiet hunt, looking for a generous piece of ground and a ready-built house into which we may move the *Baby* next May, when our lease expires. We talk as if we were backed with sufficient gold to make a purchase to-morrow,

but this is not the case. Our bank-balance is low, yet we are confident that it will come up if we find the place. So far Divine Providence has not withheld what was needed—and, according to all human conjecture, The Vénard needs a home.

We don't know how far from Scranton we shall move, but this much is certain. The Vénard will never have kinder or more thoughtful neighbors than some of the Catholics and a few non-Catholics of that city, who now watch with interest the struggles of our young school and according to their means give to it their occasional encouragement.

A fresh lot of the *Life of Blessed Theophane Vénard*, in French, has arrived from the binder.

This book, though it sells for only sixty cents, postpaid, has 523 pages and 15 illustrations.

Send for a copy—

*if you read French;*

*if you are studying French;*

*if you wish to make a present to a French-speaking friend.*

### HOW THE LAND STANDS AT CHRISTMAS, 1914.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.

Disposed of up to Dec. 1, 1914, 1,921,731 "

Held for purchase at one cent a foot, 2,528,269 "

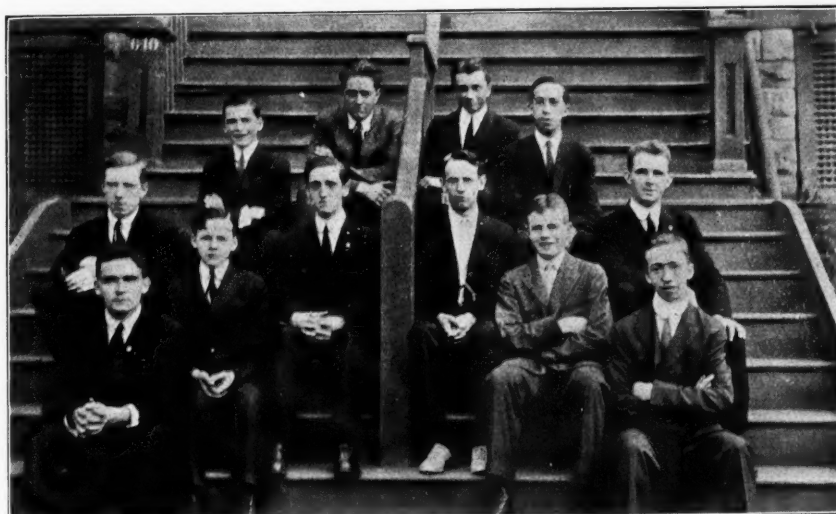
Send for a land-slip.

*A Blessed Vénard Statue for the class-room or for the home!*

*Here is a suggestion for some admirer of our Martyr who desires to arouse the apostolic spirit. Address: Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y.*

We are sorry to learn from Bishop Cardot, of South Burma, that Fr. Allard is unwell. "He has been fretting too much," writes the Bishop, "about the land for his Chinese mission."

Fr. Allard made many friends in this country during his collecting tour. He was kindly received in several dioceses, perhaps nowhere more so than in the Diocese of Scranton, which he still remembers with gratitude and where he is not forgotten.



OUR BAKER'S DOZEN IN SCRANTON.  
(No. 13 is behind the gun.)

## Aiding Apostles.

SINCE our last record, the following missionaries have sent us assurance of at least one Mass during the year for our Society and its benefactors:

## AFRICA—

Bp. Vogt, Bagamoyo; Fr. B. J. MacLoone, Uganda, (2); Fr. Eustace Fuchs, Ger. E. Africa; Fr. Brandama, Uganda; Fr. Gutersohn, Belgian Congo, (10); Fr. v. d. Seypt, Belgian Congo; Fr. Arnold Witlox, Fr. Hurkmans, Fr. Matthews, Fr. Schoemaker, Uganda.

## BR. W. INDIES—

Bp. Shelfhaus, Roseau.

## CHINA—

Bp. Otto, Kansu; Fr. Chas. E. Bourdin, Kwang Tung; Fr. Albert Seys, Mongolia; Fr. Kennelly, Kiangnan; Fr. Casucelli, Shensi; Fr. Prosper Durand, Shantung, (3); Fr. Cheilietz, Fr. Dautreigne, Kweichow.

## INDIA—

Fr. Chas. Matthews, Jaffna; Fr. Payapilly, Ernakulam; Fr. Petit, Coimbatore; Fr. Rolla, Hyderabad; Fr. Civati, Hyderabad; Fr. Gavan Duffy, Pondichery; Fr. Altenhofen, Dacca; Fr. Aelen, Madras.

## INDO-CHINA—

Fr. Désaville, Laos; Fr. J. Mourianne, So. Burma.

## JAPAN—

Fr. Steichen, Fr. Hoffmann, Fr. Evrard, Tokyo.

## OCEANIA—

Bp. de Boismenu, Fr. van Goethem, Fr. E. Guibaud, Brit. New Guinea.

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Bp. MacGinley, Nueva Caceres; Fr. Lawrence Rogan, Jaro; Fr. Gercke, Nueva Caceres.

## TILBURG (Mill Hill Apostolic School)—

Fr. Ahaus (6).

\* \*

A SPLENDID assurance of help comes in the following letter written by a nun to one of our Teresians:

For the past three years I have been teaching the boys in the graduating class and I can tell you that nothing received a warmer welcome than THE FIELD AFAR. Hawthorne and Maryknoll were very familiar names to them. Every Friday we gave all our indulgences to the new Seminary and talked over all kinds of mission notes. Those were delightful days. How I should like to see some of the boys find their way to Maryknoll!

This year I have the girls and the field seems so different that I have scarcely started on my hobby. The girls appear interested, however, and I must soon get at things as systematically with them as I did with the boys. They can and do, I think, help a great deal with their prayers.

We Sisters are indeed able to accomplish much good by bringing the work before the children. And so, if we are not worthy to be Xaviers, we can be Teresas.

I want to assure you that the Seminary will always be in my prayers and the prayers of those over whom I shall have any influence.

A spiritual bouquet from the little ones—this is the precious offering that has come to us from some sixth grade pupils of a school in Pennsylvania. It was inspired by a good Sister, who writes:

We have told the children a great deal about missions and missionaries, and they are now very enthusiastic. They have saved the pennies that they received for candy and are sending a dollar for the good work.

I told them also that you would like them to help by prayer. "Oh, Sister!" they shouted with one voice, "we can do that. What shall we pray?" I suggested that they make a spiritual bouquet and they were delighted to do it.

It was touching to see how much in earnest they were. They made frequent visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and there were more daily Communions than usual. I told them how to offer up their day's work and little sufferings, and when I afterwards questioned them, I was surprised to see how well they had grasped the idea.

To-day the bouquet is entirely finished. Here it is:

Masses heard.....	670
Holy Communions.....	464
Rosaries.....	341
Visits.....	838
Stations.....	107
Ejaculations.....	5 579
Litanies.....	76
Mortifications.....	758
Day's Work.....	617
Sufferings.....	470

\* \*

## Fr. Rogan in Serious Vein.

"ANOTHER Rogan is to be ordained at Christmas. He makes the fourth—God help us! The fifth is finishing off at Freshfield (Mill Hill's Apostolic School) Say a *De Profundis* for me."

So writes our friend from Uganda. He also sends some verses, a little out of his usual vein, but as interesting as they are edifying. May Rogan the Fifth keep up to the splendid record of his brothers!

"AND OTHER SHEEP I HAVE; THEM ALSO I MUST BRING."

(St. John x.)

I.

When I was but a boy, I know,  
I read some thrilling books—  
"In Darkest Africa"—and so  
I'll tell you how it looks.

II.

It may seem strange, but in those days  
I never had a notion  
That I should study native ways,  
Or even cross the ocean.

III.

I simply read as most boys do—  
Adventurous disposition—  
But of the boys who read, how few  
Go on the Foreign Mission!

IV.

And yet these books are known to make  
Men leave their homes for fame;  
But who leaves home for Jesus' sake,  
To preach His Holy Name?

V.

Explorers sail for unknown coasts,  
Undaunted by privations;  
They dream of banquets, speeches, toasts,  
And the fleeting praise of nations.

VI.

Brave soldiers, too, go forth to war,  
Death staring in the face;  
Ten thousand fall, ten thousand more  
Are there to take their place.

VII.

They know that Famine, Death, Disease  
Make up the War-God's train;  
Then why should human blood appease  
And man by man be slain?

VIII.

And why, O sons of Catholic birth,  
Should God cry out in vain?  
He, too, needs soldiers, men of worth,  
Who'll bear a little pain.

IX.

God is our Captain, King and Lord,  
We seek no vain applause;  
His to determine our reward,  
Ours to promote His Cause.

X.

Do we not hear the heathen cry,  
As Christ cried on the Tree,  
With His last breath, "My God, oh why  
Hast thou forsaken me?"

XI.

"No greater love hath man than this,  
That he lay down his life,"  
To gain for souls immortal bliss,  
The end of all our strife.

XII.

Then come, ye sons of Catholic birth,  
Unite in one grand prayer,  
To make God known throughout the  
earth,  
Loved, worshipped everywhere.

P. ROGAN,

Mumias, B. E. Africa.

Come, ye Gentiles, and adore  
the Lord, for this day a great light  
hath descended upon the earth.

## The Doctor's Column.



THE skeleton is in the closet this year, but classes are in progress as before and nearly every week our friend, the physician, comes from Yonkers over the Sleepy Hollow Road, to deepen in our future apostles a knowledge of his profession.

We have now a fairly good equipment of charts, appliances and medicines. The operating-chair has not been used except for surgical operations on the hair of students and auxiliaries, but the knives are sharpened and all that is needed is a victim.

The doctor missed an excellent object lesson in anatomy recently, when, between his visits, a ram got frisky and turned up his nose at one of the oxen. The ox lifted the impertinent sheep on his horns and there was nothing to do but kill the smaller animal and save on our meat bill.

Ram chops are not so bad, but we were sorry the Doctor could not attend the dissecting. Perhaps it was just as well, however, because our students should not cut up.

A small pamphlet (Protestant) which was dropped into our hands lately, announces that there are two medical schools for women in China. One is a Presbyterian institution, with forty students, the other, in Peking, is the joint work of several missions.

In Foochow, an American woman, Dr. Lyon (we miss the sibilant), has twenty medical students.

Address communications to  
PHYSICIAN,  
% Maryknoll, Ossining P.O., N. Y.

## Bishop Foley on the Road.

The Too-gay-rah-rah-oh Bishop, over in the Philippines, has a few words to say on the war and on other less important matters. As usual, Bishop Foley's words are worth reading:

This valley never did amount to shucks as a self-supporting proposition, for the people are chronic paupers; but now that Franco-Prussian War No. 2 has put on the finishing touches. The tobacco crop is ready for the market, but the only market is Europe and it's not men but battle-fields that are smoking over there.

While you were away on a trip, one of your secretaries acknowledged my last letter to you, saying that you were very busy and would soon need to be in two places at once. But you mustn't try that. A few of the saints, I know, have enjoyed the privilege of bilocation, but when the average mortal tries to bilocate himself, he succeeds simply in dislocating himself, which is quite another thing. *Verbum sap.*

I am enclosing a post-card of *Yours truly* as he looks on his pastoral visits. The pony comes out well in the photograph, because a Filipino pony likes to sit or stand for his picture. He will do anything rather than move.

Many thanks for the copy of "Stories from The Field Afar." It is just as

## To Dominican Tertiaries!

Have you read the

LIVES OF TWENTY-SIX  
MARTYRS OF TONKIN

by the new Prefect Apostolic, Very Rev. M. B. Cothonay, O. P.?

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interesting to the missioner himself as to those who only read of our lives. I am sure it will help in the blessed work of securing missionary vocations.



THE RIGHT REV. MAURICE P. FOLEY  
"The pony comes out well in the photograph, because a Filipino pony likes to sit or stand for his picture."





NO CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR HIM.  
(Photo sent by Bishop Chatron.)

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